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their theology. The Abipones think the Pleiades to be the representation of their grandfather; and as that constellation disappears at certain periods from the sky of South America, upon such occasions, they suppose that their grandfather is sick, and are under a yearly apprehension that he is going to die: but as soon as those seven stars are again visible in the month of May, they welcome their grandfather, as if returned and restored from sickness, with joyful shouts, and the festive sound of pipes and trumpets, congratulating him on the recovery of his health. *Quemen naachic latenc! laydm nauichi end? Ta yegdm! Layamini!* What thanks do we owe thee! and art thou returned at last? Ah! thou hast happily recovered!—With such exclamations, expressive of their joy and their folly, do they fill the air. Next day they all go out to seek honey to make mead, and, as soon as that is prepared, they assemble in one place, at the setting of the sun, to make public demonstration of gladness. They pass the night, the married Abipones sitting on the ground on skins, the by-standing women singing with a loud voice, and the crowd of single persons laughing and applauding, by the light of torches, which shine here and there about the market-place. Some female juggler, who conducts the festive ceremonies, dances at

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intervals, rattling a gourd full of hardish fruit-seeds to musical time, and, whirling round to the right with one foot, and to the left with another, without ever removing from one spot, or in the least varying her motions. This foolish crazy dance is interrupted every now and then by the horrid clangor of military trumpets, in which the spectators join, making a loud noise by striking their lips with their hands. Yet in the midst of all this you can never perceive the smallest deviation from strict decorum. The men are decently separated from the women; the boys from the girls. The female dancer, the priestess of these ridiculous ceremonies, as a mark of particular favour, rubs the thighs of some of the men with her gourds, and, in the name of their grandfather, promises them swiftness in pursuing enemies and wild beasts. At the same time the new male and female jugglers, who are thought equal to the office, are initiated with many ceremonies. Of this most mischievous description of men I am now going to treat more fully.